LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, April* 15, 1807. [No. 12.

SELECTIONS.

The Character of

EDMUND BURKE.

BY DOCTOR PARR.

Continued from page 41.

Many men, of more talent than erudition, have fancied that they could ſpeak better than they can write; and flattered themſelves with a reputation for eloquence which never ſtood the teſt of ſevere and critical examination. Many a ſpeech has been received with infinite applauſe in the delivery, which, when handed about in the prints, has appeared poor, languid, and lifeleſs. Lord Chatham was a great man, a moſt animated and terrific orator, and eminently endued with the firſt qualifications of a great ſtateſman; yet as a ſpeaker, his fame, doubtleſs from the witchery of his manner, was greater than his power. Like Cromwell, he had that perſpicuity of eye, which pried into the inmoſt receſſes of the ſoul, and detected all the thoughts and impreſſions, and hopes and fears, of his auditors. He had that too which Cromwell had not; for Cromwell we are told was ſlow in the conception of his ideas while he ſpoke, and diffuſe and perplexed in the delivery. But in Chatham, when he roſe to ſpeak, there was a fervour and vehemence of imagination, a headlong torrent of words, and a power of ſound, which deafened and ſtunned, and confounded his opponents. In the man himſelf, I well remember, there was a native dignity of form, which commanded reverence and faith; and, by filling his hearers with a holy awe, prediſpoſed them to his purpoſe. With powers little calculated to inſtruct or delight, there was a vehemence of contention, and awakening energy of manner, an impaſſioned ardour, a confident and boaſtful exultation, which victory only rendered more ferocious and ungovernable. He often roſe to dignity in the donation of applauſe; ſtill oftener blazed to fierceneſs in the fulmination of invectives; and ſometimes, in the violence of altercation, ſtung with a poignancy of wit peculiarly his own. But take away theſe ſhowy apendages of eloquence, which are included almoſt in the very name of Chatham; take away that which in the judgment of Demoſthenes was the firſt, the ſecond, the third qualification of an orator; and which, in Chatham, were diſplayed as they prevailed in ſo aſtoniſhing a meaſure, and with ſuch felicity of ſucceſs; take away the impoſing dignity of his preſence, the ſtrength and grandeur of his voice, the elaborate vehemence of his geſticulation, worked up, often to extravagance, and better adapted to the Drama than the Senate; take theſe away, and in thoſe very ſpeeches which were extolled by his auditors as tranſcending far all praiſe, you will find nothing, ſcarcely, which ſo forcibly ſtrikes, or ſweetly ſoothed the ear; nothing which by its ſtrength or clearneſs captivates the judgment; nothing which the intelligent reader in a cool and deliberate hour will approve; or having once read, will eagerly demand again.

Such, I confeſs, was the giant ſcale of Chatham's mind, that he might well claim, and would aſſuredly fill with honor, the higheſt ſtation to which a ſubject can aſpire. To his other original and illuſtrious qualities, was added that felicity of fortune which fills up the meaſure of all pre-eminent greatneſs. In his character as Miniſter, ſuch was the greatneſs and elevation of his ſpirit, like Scipio, he could revive expiring ardour, and fill men with a confidence of expectation, which no mortal courſe of nature ever did, or under any auſpices, ever ought to inſpire. Thoſe, however, who conſider Chatham not as a firſt rate orator, but as another Demoſthenes, are greatly deceived. In Demoſthenes, with a dignity which has ſcarcely been equalled, was combined a ſagacity and coolneſs which can never be ſurpaſſed. He who aſpires only to be rapid, vehement, and ſonorous, without deſcending to plain narrative, cool ſtatement, cloſe argument, ſacrifices reaſon to paſſion, and touches on the precincts of a frantic eloquence. It was the lot of Chatham to owe whatever he poſſeſſed, to a genius exerciſed by practice alone. The conſequence was natural. With infinite fluency and animation he inſured the fate of Galba; and while breathing conſuming fire as a ſpeaker, all the force and all the blaze of his eloquence was extinguiſhed upon paper.

Far different is Burke. To wing his flight to the ſublime of eloquence, he has called in the labors of the cloſet. Burke would not that the fame of his powers ſhould be circumſcribed within the ſame poor limits that bound life; nor has he feared, moſt certainly he has not ſhunned that ſolemn ſentence which poſterity, "who extenuate nothing, or ſet down aught in malice," will hereafter pronounce upon his genius.

There are many, I know, who, though well convinced that the pen is the inſtructor of the tongue, and perfectly able to treat any ſubject upon paper with infinite correctneſs and art, yet, when drawn from the ſhade of ſtudious retirement into action, are not only incapable of delivering with clearneſs, what they have very juſtly conceived, but exhibit the ſpectacle of abſolute helpleſſneſs and futuity. But Burke, though fully ſatisfied that nothing contributes more to good ſpeaking than good writing, is equally prepared for both. The ſame powerful mind, the ſame divin and inextinguiſhable ardour, which fires hi in the Senate, animates him in the ſolitude o compoſition; nor need he bluſh to ſay of h ſpeeches what Thucydides had affirmed o his elaborate hiſtory, "I give it to the publi as an everlaſting poſſeſſion, and not as a con tentious inſtrument of temporary applauſe."

There is an unwillingneſs in the world t ſhow that the ſame man has excelled in va rious purſuits; but Burke's compoſition diverſified as they are in their nature, ye each excelling in its kind, who does not rea with inſtruction and delight? I have hithe to ſurveyed the merits of the orator; let u now view him as a critic and a philoſopher.

Criticiſm, which others would have bee content to ſtudy as they found it, Burke ha enlarged by his diſcoveries, illuſtrated by hi multifarious learning, and treated with all th graces of a ſtyle moſt elegant and refined, ye not poliſhed into inſipidity by too curious care. Often has it been lamented that th language of philoſophers is uſually ſo crabbe and uncouth, as to deter readers of taſte fron peruſal of their labours. It fell to Burke by his purity and grace, to purge off this in veterate ruſt, and to adapt to the knottie and the ſubtleſt diſquiſitions, ſuch a flowin eaſe, fertility and luſtre of ſtyle as the worl had never witneſſed. With ſuch illuſtriou proofs of his own powers, he has at once, b his precepts and example, inſtructed other to excel; for whether he luxuriates in ſpeech es replete with the choiceſt phraſeology an happieſt periods, or bends his keen and ſub tle intelligence on critical diſquiſition, ſuch i the felicity of his labours, that he at onc quickens the ſagacity of his readers, while h ſtores their memory and fertilizes their fan cy with invigorating and varied information

On the morals of a man moſt conſpicuouſly endued with the more amiable and the ſever virtues, I hold it needleſs to deſcant Th unſpotted innocence, the firm integrity o Burke, want no emblazoning; and if he i accuſtomed to exact a rigorous account o the moral conduct of others, it is juſtified i one who ſhuns not the moſt inquiſitoria ſcrutiny into his own.

I know what unſafe and treacherou ground I tread. Objectors, I am aware, ar not wanting, who will exclaim, that I hav laviſhed praiſe with too prodigal a hand— that I have been hurried away by my lov and admiration of the man. I care not. Th tribute I have paid him is little to his deſert —and would to God, that this little ha come from any one who could more ſuitably have expanded and adorned it. This, how ever, I deliberately and ſteadily affirm—tha of all the men who are, or who ever have been eminent for energy and ſplendor o

eloquence, or for ſkill and grace in compoſition, there is not one who, in genius and erudition, in philanthropy or piety, or in any of the qualities of a wiſe and good man, ſurpaſſes Burke.

GOLDSMITH.

There is ſomething in Goldſmith's proſe, that to my ear is uncommonly ſweet and harmonious; it is clear, ſimple, eaſy to be underſtood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleaſure it beſtows; obſcurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verſes does not allow us to rank him in that high ſtation, where his genius might have carried him. There muſt be bulk, variety and grandeur of deſign to conſtitute a firſt-rate poet. The Deſerted Village, Traveller and Hermit are all ſpecimens beautiful as ſuch, but they are only birds eggs on a ſtring, and eggs of ſmall birds too. One great magnificent *whole* muſt be accompliſhed before we can pronounce upon the *maker* to be the Poet. Pope himſelf never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a traſlation only conſtitutes him an accompliſhed verſifier. Diſtreſs drove Goldſmith upon undertakings, neither congenial with his ſtudies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him, when in his chamber in the Temple, he ſhewed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature;* it was with a ſigh, ſuch as genius draws, when hard neceſſity diverts it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds and beaſts and creeping things, which Pidcock's ſhow-man would have done as well. Poor fellow, he hardly knew an aſs from a mule, nor a turkey from a gooſe, but when he ſaw it on the table. But publiſhers hate poetry, and Paternoſter-Row is not Parnaſſus. Even the mighty Doctor Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the preſs till by a happy tranſformation into Hannah Glaſs he turned himſelf into a cook, and ſold receipts for made diſhes to all the ſavoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the preſs acknowledged him ſecond in fame only to John Bunyan; his feaſts kept pace in ſale with Nelſon's faſts, and when his own name was fairly written out of credit, he wrote himſelf into immortality under an alias. Now though neceſſity, or I ſhould rather ſay the deſire of finding money for a maſquerade, drove Oliver Goldſmith upon abridging hiſtories and turning Buffon into Engliſh, yet I much doubt if without that ſpur he would ever have put his Pegaſus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is by the loſs of all the treaſures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

[*Memoirs of Cumberland.*]

A MEDITATION upon a BROOMSTICK.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold ingloriouſly lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt; it was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its ſapleſs trunk: it is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was; a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and, by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf. At length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, SURELY MORTAL MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable; until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a *perriwig;* valuing himſelf upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head: but now, ſhould this our *broomſtick* pretend to enter the ſcene, proud of thoſe *birchen* ſpoils it never bore, and all covered with duſt, though the ſweepings of the fineſt lady's chamber; we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomſtick*, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on its head; and pray what is man but a topſy-turvy creature? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels ſhould be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he ſets up to be a univerſal reformer and corrector of abuſes; a remover of grievances; rakes into every ſlut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raiſes a mighty duſt where there was none before; ſharing deeply all the while in the very ſame pollutions he pretendeth to ſweep away. His laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the ſtumps, like his brother *beſom*, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

This world of ours, notwithſtanding it has many things in it, yet it has ever had this curſe, that two or three people who would be the happier the oftener they met together, are almoſt, without exception, always ſo placed as never to meet but once or twice a year, which, conſidering the few years of a man's life, is a very great *evil under the ſun*, which I do not recollect that Solomon has mentioned in his catalogue of the miſeries of man. I hope, and believe, that there is a ſtate of exiſtence beyond the grave, where the worthy of this life will renew their former intimacies, with this endearing addition, that *we meet to part no more.*—BURNS.

MAXIMS.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

Our paſſions are like convulſion fits, which, though they make us ſtronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

Every man has juſt as much vanity, as he wants underſtanding.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

"Man is the creature of education."

THIS old apophthegm has been ſo long a theme for continual diſcuſſion, and ſo often worn thread-bare to be proved a univerſal principle of human nature, by a train of writers, from the firſt metaphyſicians down to the petty manufacturers of ephemeral newſpaper eſſays, that one would ſuppoſe half the learned world to be impreſſed with the belief, that their mental powers are all completely formed by the hands of their inſtructors. Scarcely a tract can be found on the ſubject, which does not repreſent the formation of the human mind, its diſpoſitions and energies, as wholly owing to the influence of external cauſes; and it ſhould ſeem, would convey the idea of its being paſſive as a piece of metal, which is capable of receiving any impreſſions, or of being wrought into any ſhape, that the taſte of the mechanic might direct.

The writings of ſuch authors may, to a certain degree, be correct in their poſitions and ſalutary in their tendedcies; but, when carried to extremes both will fail. That much depends on the method uſed in the education of youth, that it is of the higheſt importance in forming their habits, in correcting their morals, and in conducting them to eminence in the literary and ſcientific world, cannot rationally be denied. It is a truth, which experience evinces. But when we ſee a writer, who would inculcate the belief, that a man's reputation as a ſcholar, wholly depends on his manner of education, on the inſtruction he receives, like the bigotted Papiſt, who places his whole religion in the performance of rites and ceremonies, ſurely reaſon muſt declare his writings to have been penned under the influence of a blind prejudice. Such an author would do well to obſerve the ſentiment of Horace:

Eſt modus in rebus; ſunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequet conſiſtere rectum.

Much may be ſaid in favor of ſyſtematic education, of the advantages of good inſtructors, libraries, precepts, examples, and rules for improvement and behaviour; but all theſe will not metamorphoſe a genius naturally dull or habitually indolent, ſo as to make a conſpicuous figure in any art or ſcience. The mind muſt be endued by nature with good faculties, with ſtrength, with energy, with vivacity, with every quality eſſential to its improvement.—Theſe muſt be roufed into action by ardent and perſevering efforts.

When we are preſented with inſtances of this, when we ſee a bright native genius, with a turn for inveſtigation in literature and ſcience, united with induſtry and application, a diſtinguiſhed ſcholar may be predicted as the conſequence. Such was Newton, ſuch was Pope, ſuch was Burke, and ſuch were a hundred others of the moſt eminent philoſophers and poets, orators and ſtateſmen, both of ancient and modern days. They ſhone not like planets in the ſolar ſyſtem, with any borrowed luſtre, but as ſtars of the firſt magnitude, the beams of light emanated from their own ſouls, from their own native powers. Would any one contend, that the ſtupendous mind, which firſt conceived the great theory of gravitation, was formed by the Faculty of an Engliſh univerſity, or that the elevated genius of the Tranſlator of Homer, received its energies from his petty inſtructors, or that the ſublime, the immortal author of "Reflections on the revolution in France" attained his inimitable powers merely by the particular courſe of his education? The wildneſs of the nation would almoſt pronounce its author a madman. Yet, wild and abſurd as it is, many, we may juſtly infer from their ſentiments in ſimilar reſpects, would almoſt fall into its belief. Such an influence has prejudice on the human mind.

When a diſtinguiſhed character appears in the walks of ſcience, the cauſe of his excellence, inſtead of his perſonal exertions and ſuperior natural faculties, is too frequently aſcribed to external advantages. But the frequent examples of men, celebrated for their learning, who, like the immortal father of the Britiſh theatre, have ariſen to eminence, with difficulties, ſeemingly innumerable to ſurmount, ought entirely to diſcard the opinion.

Perhaps the writer of this eſſay may be ſaid to place too light a value on the advantages of a good ſyſtem of education. But a cloſe and candid attention to the ſubject, will, I believe, find the remark not grounded in truth. I am not inſenſible of the benefits ariſing from early and uninterrupted opportunities for learning. I appreciate their importance as highly as any one—but at the ſame time, I would urge, as a conſideration of far more conſequence, far more intereſting moment, that the faculties of the individual ſhould be naturally good, and cultivated with the greateſt poſſible exertion. Seminaries of learning cannot create genius, nor pour ſcience into a mind, which makes no effort to receive it. Were this ſentiment more generally to prevail, were mankind more generally convinced, that it is not the place or manner of a man's education, but the actual improvement of his mind, which conſtitutes his abilities, his true merit; a much ſmaller number of dull, grovelling ſouls would be ſent to acquire what is termed a *liberal education*, and a much ſmaller number of ignorant, illiterate pedants, pedagogues, and pettifoggers would be ſent forth to palm their impoſitions on the world.

JASON.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE WANDERING JEW.

Among all the multiplied ſchemes, which human ſagacity has deviſed, for the attainment of happineſs, no one has yet appeared without ſome glaring defect. Beſides the innumerable fortuitous and unforeſeen obſtacles againſt which, no art nor wiſdom can erect a barrier, the paſſions and depravity of men are continually cloſing the avenues of happineſs, and heaping miſery upon miſery.

There are ſome people whoſe ſole object of life ſeems to be but little more than to diſturb the quietneſs and welfare of community. For this end, they are unceaſingly at labor. Uneaſy and void of merit in themſelves, they can endure nothing like eaſe or worth in others, however ſilent or unaſſuming. Among theſe diſturbers of peace and happineſs, I ſcarcely know of any more deteſtable and mean than thoſe miſcreant wretches, commonly called *informers*. Void of ſincerity, void of honor, void of every principle of integrity or feeling, which binds man to man, and renders life tolerable; creatures of this deſcription hold to you with a ſmile, the cup which is poiſoned, and take you by the hand while they are preparing to ſtab you. In all ranks and orders, they are deſtructive. In the village circle they bring contentions and tumult, in ſocieties and nations, they riſe on the poiſonous filth of revolution and bloodſhed.

There are none, even of our deareſt friends, who are free from failings;—and it ſometimes happens, in an unguarded moment, while in a private company, or over a ſocial glaſs, that we ſpeak lightly of thoſe failings, and yet without a deſign either of injury or abuſe. Scarce any remark will undergo tranſportation, without almoſt completely altering its complexion,—and thoſe things, which are innocent and trifling in themſelves, will appear in the mouth of the *informer*, enormous and unpardonable. In fine, the perſon, who makes a practice of relating to one what is ſaid of him by another, or to one party the confidential tranſactions of another, can rarely be actuated by any other than a baſe and a miſchief-making ſpirit. Such an one is unworthy of belief, unworthy of confidence, unworthy of being regarded or eſteemed.

In nations *informers* have always been injurious; and ſometimes attended with death and ruin. Urged by the hope of riſing from poverty to wealth, from obſcurity to notice, men have been ſo abandoned and loſt to all dignity and principle, as to ſtoop to the murderous employment of betraying their brother men. There have even been times ſo diſtracted by anxiety and terror, that "men were afraid of knowing each other; ſociety was at a pauſe, relations, friends and ſtrangers ſtood at gaze; no public meeting, no private confidence; things inanimate had ears, roofs and walls were deemed informers." The elegant Tacitus, when ſpeaking of the deſolating afflictions which attended the reign of Tiberius, obſerves,—"Among the calamities of that black period, the moſt trying grievance was the degenerate ſpirit, with which the firſt men in the ſenate ſubmitted to the drudgery of common informers; ſome without a bluſh in the face of day; others by clandeſtine artifices. The contagion was epidemic. Near relations, aliens in blood, friends and ſtrangers, unknown, were without diſtinction, all involved in the common danger. The fact recently committed, and the tale revived were equally deſtructive. Words alone were ſufficient—whether ſpoken in the forum, or amidſt the pleaſures of the table was immaterial. Whatever the occaſion or the ſubject, every thing was a conſtructive crime. Informers ſtruggled as it were in a race, who ſhould be the firſt to ruin his man; ſome to ſecure themſelves; the greater part infected with the general corruption of the times." In the full flowing eloquence of Curran, we have likewiſe the character of a public informer painted to the life. It proves to us how completely the property, the lives, the liberties, of the moſt virtuous citizens are at the mercy of abandoned wretches, who neither revere their God, nor love their fellow men. "I ſpeak," ſays this great orator, "of what your eyes have ſeen, day after day, during the courſe of this commiſſion, from the box where you are now ſitting,—the number of thoſe horrid miſcreants, who avowed upon their oaths, that they had come from the very ſeat of Government—from the Caſtle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and hopes of compenſation, to give evidence againſt their fellows,—that the mild and wholeſome councils of this government are holden over theſe catacombs of living death, where the wretch, who is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to feſter and diſſolve, and is then dug up a witneſs. Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not ſeen him after his reſurrection from that tomb,—after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and death, and the ſupreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the ſtormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the ſupremacy of his power, in the undiſſembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance like the lightning of heaven ſeemed to rive the body of the accuſed, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death? a death which no innocence can eſcape, no art elude, no force reſiſt, no antidote prevent. There was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain, which bound the integrity of man, to the throne of eternal juſtice, is ſolved and melted in the breath that iſſues from the informer's mouth. Conſcience wings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror conſults his own ſafety in the ſurrender of the victim."

SELECTED POETRY.

From "Montgomery's Poems."

REMONSTRANCE.

An Addreſs to Winter, at the approach of Spring.

"AH! why, unfeeling Winter! why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy ſeaſon, fly,
And yield the year to SPRING.

Spring—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in diſgrace,
Flits o'er the ſcene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a reſting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the ſtorm.

If to the valley ſhe repair
For ſhelter and defence,
Thy wrath purſues the mourner there,
And drives her weeping thence.

She ſeeks the brook—the faithleſs brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into ſtone.

She woos her embryo flowers in vain,
To ſhew their infant heads;
Deaf to the voice, her flowers remain
Unconſcious in their beds.

The trees no beauty do expand,
Diveſted of their charms;
Depriv'd of all their fragrance ſtand,
Shewing their naked arms.

The favorite birds in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And ſtrain their little ſtammering throats,
To charm thy blaſts away.

Ah! Winter calm thy cruel rage,
Releaſe the ſtruggling year;
Thy power is paſt, decrepit Sage!
Ariſe, and diſappear.

The ſtars that grace the ſplendid night
Are loſt in warmer rays:
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celeſtial days.

Then why, uſurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to SPRING."

THE COTTER's SATURDAY NIGHT,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much reſpected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honeſt pride, I ſcorn each ſelfiſh end,
My deareſt meed, a friend's eſteem and praiſe:
To you I ſing, in ſimple *Scottiſh* lays,
The lowly train in life's ſequeſter'd ſcene;
The native feelings ſtrong, the guileleſs ways;
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry ſugh;
The ſhort'ning winter-day is near a cloſe;
The miry beaſts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repoſe:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his ſpades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in eaſe and reſt to ſpend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his courſe does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the ſhelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, todlin, ſtacher thro'
To meet their dad, wi' flitcherin noiſe an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-ſtane, his thriftie *wifie's* ſmile,
The liſping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At ſervice out amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, ſome herd, ſome tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:
Their eldeſt hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love ſparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to ſhew a braw new gown,
Or depoſite her ſair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardſhip be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and ſiſters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly ſpeirs:
The ſocial hours, ſwift-wing'd unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he ſees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her ſheers,
Gars auld claes look amaiſt as weel's the new;
The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their maſter's an' their miſtreſs's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' ſight, to jauk or play;
"An' O! be ſure to fear the LORD alway!
"An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
"Leſt in temptation's paths ye gang aſtray,
"Implore his counſel and aſſiſting might;
"They never ſought in vain, that ſought the LORD aright."

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny wha kens the meaning o' the ſame,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do ſome errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother ſees the conſcious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and fluſh her cheek;
With heart-ſtruck anxious care, inquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to ſpeak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthleſs rake.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A ſtrappan youth: he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* ſees the viſit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horſes, pleughs, and kye.
The youngſter's artleſs heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', ſcarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman' wiles, can ſpy
What makes the youth ſae baſhfu' and ſae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn*'s reſpected like the lave. *(To be continued.)*

HAPPINESS.

The path to bliſs abounds with many a ſnare;
Learning is one, and wit, however rare.
The Frenchman, firſt in literary fame,
(Mention him, if you pleaſe. Voltaire?—The ſame.)
With ſpirit, genius, eloquence, ſupplied,
Liv'd long, wrote much, laugh'd heartily, and died.
The ſcripture was his jeſt-book, whence he drew
Bon mots to gall the Chriſtian and the Jew.
An infidel in health, but what when ſick?
Oh—then a text would touch him at the quick.
View him at Paris, in his laſt career:
Surrounding throngs the demi-god revere;
Exalted on his pedeſtal of pride,
And fum'd with frankincenſe on ev'ry ſide,
He begs their flatt'ry with his lateſt breath;
And, ſmother'd in't at laſt, is prais'd to death!
Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little ſtore;
Content, tho' mean; and cheerful, if not gay;
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Juſt earns a ſcanty pittance; and at night
Lies down ſecure, her heart and pocket light:
She, for her humble ſphere by nature fit,
Has little underſtanding, and no wit.
Receives no praiſe; but, tho' her lot be ſuch,
(Toilſome and indigent) ſhe renders much;
Juſt knows, and knows no more, her bible true;
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with ſparkling eyes,
Her title to a treaſure in the ſkies.
Oh, happy peaſant! Oh, unhappy bard!
His the mere tinſel, her's the rich reward;
He prais'd, perhaps, for ages yet to come;
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He, loſt in errors, his vain heart prefers;
She, ſafe in the ſimplicity of her's.
Not many wiſe, rich, noble, or profound
In ſcience, win one inch of heav'nly ground.
And, is it not a mortifying thought,
The poor ſhould gain it, and the rich ſhould not?
No—the volupt'aries, who ne'er forget
One pleaſure loſt, loſe heaven without regret;
Regret would rouſe them, and give birth to pray'r;
Pray'r would add faith, and faith would fix them there.

QUIN'S SOLILOQUY,

On ſeeing Duke Humphry at St. Alban's.

A plague on Egypt's art, I ſay!
Embalm the dead! on ſenſeleſs clay
Rich wines and ſpices waſte!
Like ſturgeon or like brawn ſhall I
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I can never taſte?

Let me embalm this fleſh of mine
With turtle fat and Bourdeaux wine,
And ſpoil th' Egyptian trade!
Than Humphry's duke more happy I,
Embalm'd alive, old Quin ſhall die
A mummy ready made.